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SOCIETY COUPLES TO TEMPT FATE IN BALLOON CARS



(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, February 24.—The successful ascension of Charles Levee at West Point, N. Y., on February 17th, has given the sport of ballooning such an impetus that within the next fortnight, under the auspices of the Aero Club of America, at least two couples high in New York society plan making ascensions. They are Mr. and Mrs. Cortland F. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Edgar. After witnessing Levee's flight they said that, weather permitting, they would certainly make ascents from Tuxedo before the arrival of spring. Mr. Levee will engineer the balloon for one of these couples. Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thomas may also make an ascent, but the ballooning craze has struck so suddenly that some difficulty may be found in getting balloons of sufficient size. Dr. Thomas recently purchased a small balloon, but it is not believed that it is of sufficient size to comfortably carry more than one. Mr. Levee is now contemplating a balloon trip across the Great Lakes, but he says he will not attempt that until summer, because of the dangers attending ascension in cold weather, especially over water. Three places are being held by the Aero Club build its balloon park there—West Point, Tuxedo, N. Y., and Pittsfield, Mass. Whatever some of the members of the club may decide, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop will, without doubt, make several ascensions at Pittsfield this summer.

\$1,500 Terrier for Alice Longworth



FASHION
Not the least interesting or acceptable among the scores of wedding gifts which for several weeks poured into the White House for Mrs. Longworth was Fashion, a blue-blooded brindle terrier, the gift of A. Montgomery Stillman, the Pittsfield millionaire and close friend of Representative Longworth. Correctly, it may be said that Fashion did not pour. On the contrary, she entered the Executive Mansion with all the dignity distinguishing her breeding and her sex, and it is recorded that the greatest care was exercised in the matter of effecting her safe passage from Madison Square Garden, New York, where for a week and had been miserably by the attention of thousands of dog show patrons. When Mr. Stillman decided on his unique gift, he instructed one of his agents to make a thorough search for the finest Boston terrier obtainable in the country. Fashion was finally purchased from Frederick E. Rice, the Boston fancier, who had her entered for the Dog Show in New York. The price paid was \$1,500. When Fashion makes her bow in the Longworth residence after the couple returns back from Cuba, she will wear a gold jeweled collar, handsomely engraved with the name of Longworth and the date of the wedding. The dog's wardrobe comprises several changes of worsted sweaters, some made of Alice blue color, a tiny fur coat, a dark broadcloth cape, crocheted and leather leggings and boots. She also has a silver-topped brush and comb and complete manicuring set.

BRITT SAYS GANS IS A LIAR: WILL NOT FIGHT HIM

Negro Fighter's Malicious Stories About Former Battle.

(Copyright, 1906, by James Edward Britt.)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Feb. 24.—I now know why my friend, Mr. Gans, of Baltimore, lasted so long in the fighting game—he has always had somebody's guiding hand upon him. Recently Mr. Gans seems to have broken away from the restraining influence that formerly checked and directed him, with the natural result, that he has made several kinds of a fool of himself. Gans has publicly stated that his fight with me in Frisco was a fake, and that it had been fixed to turn out the way it did. But for that fact, he modestly adds, he would have beaten my block in. In fact it seems from his statement that his noble nature and fighting instinct revolted to such an extent after he had agreed to the plan, that Al Herford could hardly restrain him from knocking me out when we got into the ring. I don't remember all the rest of it, but it was some of the most interesting action that has appeared in the sport pages in many days. Oh, yes! I nearly forgot that, according to Gans, I advised all my friends to bet on me while I had commissioners in the pool-rooms to take the Gans end of the money and cover the bets of my friends as fast as they came in. It is almost an insult to the intelligence of any rational man to trouble him with the denial of a yarn like this one; but as these stories sometimes do work harm, no matter how ridiculous they may be on the face of them, we will dignify Mr. Gans to the extent of taking him seriously. The reason I remarked at the beginning

MARVIN HART, HOME KID, WOULD END RING CAREER

Saw a Picture of Himself in a Front Porch Scene and Couldn't Get Over It.

NEW YORK, February 24.—Marvin Hart would have it known that he is a man of simple and domestic tastes. What he loves dearer than anything else is to be on his farm in Beuchel, Ky. He cares naught for the hurly-burly of city life, with its artificial glare and tinsel. Rather for him the rich, but humble odor of the barnyard, where the boncons sing their madrigals and the bluebottle pipes his little lay. It is only because wifery needs the money that he would get in the dangle of the prize ring, where it becomes necessary to be rude with another fellow, or, perchance, have that other fellow be rude to you. And Brother Hart has had his picture took and has sent it broadcast throughout the land, even unto the efete East, where all men may look upon it and admire its bucolic simplicity. The picture shows him clasping the hand of little wifery—something like a

BATTLE ROYAL IN TURF COURT



The astounding charges brought by Murray Howe, secretary and treasurer of the Memphis Trotting Association, on whose complaint the famous Memphis gold cup was forcibly taken from Elmer E. Smathers at his apartments in New York, has shaken the turf world at its foundations. The spectacle of a millionaire trotting enthusiast, charged by a prominent club official with being a party to a conspiracy by which a great thoroughbred is alleged to have been brought to defeat by drugging, has raised a storm unparalleled in light harness racing circles. The charges grew out of the famous race between Lou Dillon, owned and driven by C. K. G. Billings and Major Delmar, owned and driven by Smathers in Memphis for the trotting championship of 1904 and the Memphis gold cup. Major Delmar, won the first heat in 2:07, Lou Dillon doing no better than 2:16. Mr. Howe declares that before the second heat a veterinary surgeon's examination disclosed the knowledge that the mare was suffering from a bad case of heart palpitation, and that it was extremely dangerous to start her in another heat. Mr. Billings did not withdraw his horse, however, and the other (two) heats were run, Major Delmar winning both. Mr. Smathers vigorously denies the charges, and expressed astonishment upon learning of Trainer Sanders's affidavit, charging him with having paid \$5,000 to have Lou Dillon disabled before the race. Many more sensational disclosures are expected as a result of Mr. Howe's action.

Big Men Will Decide Smathers' Scandal. Including Bailey.

MAY COST MEMPHIS PEOPLE \$500,000

Senator Joseph W. Bailey, Former Governor M. G. Bulkeley and Many Other Prominent Officials Are on the Board of Appeals.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, February 24.—Not since the National Trotting Association was organized, in 1870, has any meeting of the board of review been awaited by horsemen with such great interest as the one to be held here in May, when the much talked of Memphis gold cup case will be heard by the turf court. Besides determining the right of possession to the five thousand dollar trophy, which is really but a minor consideration in the battle to be fought out then, the outcome of the trial may put a lasting stain on the reputation of one of the other of the two millionaires concerned. Both parties seem to be aware of this fact, and they are preparing for a conflict such as the turf courts have never known. Judge Alton B. Parker and former Lieutenant-Governor William F. Sheehan, together with two prominent law firms in Memphis and Chicago, have been retained by the Memphis Trotting Association, while E. E. Smathers has employed former Congressman J. J. Adams and John S. Wise to look after his interests, and it is said that General H. E. Tracy and a criminal lawyer of national prominence may be called into the case. No stone will be left unturned by either side in obtaining and presenting to the Board of Review every scrap of evidence tending to support its contention or to break down the testimony of its opponents. Men familiar with the parties and the case have expressed the opinion that more than \$50,000 will be expended before a final decision will be reached.

Independent Investigation.
Owing to the extraordinary character of the case and its importance to harness racing interests, the National Trotting Association has decided to make an independent investigation of the Memphis gold cup race and the grave charges growing out of it, and Mr. Gocher, secretary of the association, is now directing the machinery of the organization to this end. Evidence is being sought in all parts of the country. The turf court has the power to compel witnesses to attend and give testimony under penalty of expulsion from all tracks, and inasmuch as affidavits are sometimes unsatisfactory, because affording no opportunity for cross-examination, it is expected that all important witnesses will be required to appear in person at the trial. Not being governed by the rules of evidence which circumscribe the testimony brought out in the civil courts, the Board of Review will go into all phases of the case much more thoroughly than could be done in an action of replevin or other legal proceedings. For this reason, and because the men who will sit in judgment at the trial are familiar with the ways of the turf, horsemen feel confident that their decision will come nearer being a just one than if the case were tried before a jury of laymen. The members of the tribunal before which the big turf scandal is to be settled will be designated by Major P. P. Johnston, president of the National Trotting Association, from among the officials elected at the biennial congress last week. In the somewhat complicated organization of the National Association the Board of Review is composed of the five chairmen of the District Board of Appeals, together with the president and the vice-president, who are members of the turf court ex-officio. After each meeting of the Board

Has Stonewall Jackson Allen Lost Faith in the Efficacy of Earnest Prayer?

By LEFT CROSS.
statue clog—the while she looks up in his face with that trusting love and faith which sends him forth to battle, with a tear of regret, perhaps, but a lively hope that he fetch back a bundle of those precious works of art etched in green. It is really touching. Jack O'Brien isn't going to have any monopoly of being a fighter and at the same time playing to the better-than-thous. What has become of Stonewall Jackson Allen? Don't you remember Stonewall? He was the evangelist who walked a few in the three rounds here to the tune of hymns and the time of exhortation. Stonewall may not have been a champion, but he certainly was sincere, as you must know, when he punched a fellow in the eye, and at the same time played that the punch would get him the money. It may be that Stonewall is training to get in better. He may be doing penance for some fancied remissness on his part, as he found that his prayers were not heard with the same degree of results as his fervency seemed to warrant. Stonewall. He was a relief. I have received a letter from Harry Reynolds, in which, after handing me a few bouquets, which I am too modest to accept, Harry expresses a desire to get in

S. D. Here is a quotation regarding her: "Miss Amanda Clement umpires a ball game with all the intelligence of an Anson." The intelligence of an Anson, if Pop Anson be meant, is good.

Latest from England: Jabez White is going across to challenge any of the American champions who will fight him. What, again?

It's all over with Gans now. Anytime I may have said regarding the dinge I take back. I know I have called him lightweight and welterweight champion and tossed a few greenhouses in his direction, but it is all done with now. Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, is going to fight Gans. And then there will be a new champion. This news, including the change in the holder of the title, comes from Milwaukee.

Will somebody please rock Gans to sleep? All this blather about taking on Britt, Nelson, Herman and Herrera in one ring in one night gives me a pain. No such things could be pulled off. The other boys wouldn't stand for such a proposition, and no one can blame them. If Gans will talk fight in words of one syllable the world will listen to him and may be force those who are afraid to give him battle, but that other thing is rot.

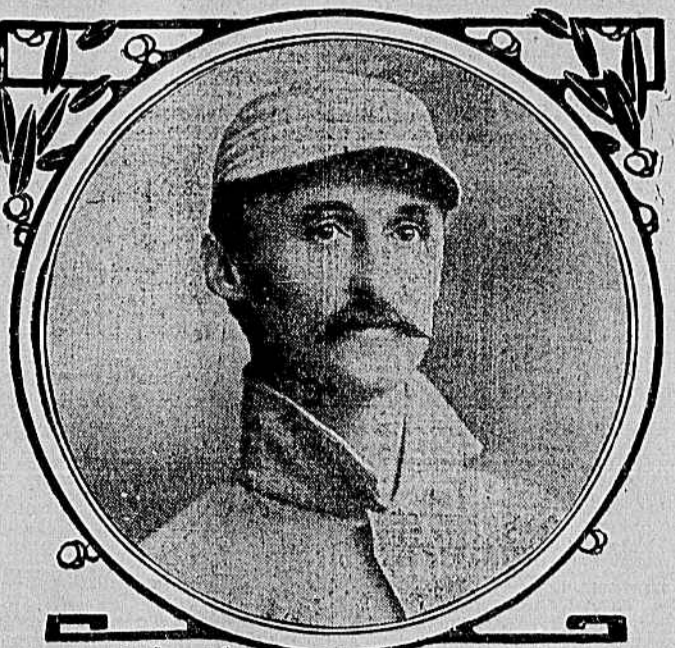
Do you know that \$5,000,000 paid admissions must be taken in at the gates of the base-ball leagues in order to pay the running expenses of the leagues for one season? And last year they all made money. Base-ball isn't a bit popular, is it?

But They Never Report Baseball News

President Roosevelt Finds It Much Too Strenuous, With Both Sides Battling.

(BY GYM BAGLEY.)
NEW YORK, February 24.—At a meeting of the Literary Auxiliary of the Lady Boller-makers' Association, a paper was read deploring the copiousness of strange phrases by those who report base-ball games for the daily press. A committee was appointed to gather samples of base-ball reporting from people prominent in important affairs. Through the kindness of the chairman, Miss A. Kissety, I was permitted to get a flash at these samples. If you care for them they are forthwith given to you. By President Roosevelt. I liked to see that sturdy example of young American manhood in the person of Bresnahan as he stepped to the plate to do his best endeavor for the side on which he fought. He was a typical American youth, the youth that is the bulwark and hope of our country. His limbs were straight and firmly planted. His bronzed skin was clear and his eye was bright. America will always hold her supremacy on land and sea so long as it can call upon Americans such as these. There was no hesitancy on Bresnahan's part as he faced the enemy's battery about to hurl a swiftly driven ball in his direction. That ball might hit him with cruel force, might even lame him, but the man at the bat never faltered in his duty. As the ball reached him he struck at it, struck at it with skillful accuracy, and his endeavor was crowned with victory. One of the things that impressed me in this mimic warfare of the ball field was that both sides to the conflict were

A NEW BASEBALL MANAGER.



When the bell rings in April starting the league base-ball teams off on their opening game of the season a new star will have gravitated into the managerial constellation, in the person of popular "Bill" Clarke, former utility catcher of the world's champion Giants, whose fortunes have been cast with the Toledo Club, in which he is now established as the "main mitt." Clarke was recently sold to the Toledo Club by Manager McGraw, who was anxious to secure a desirable berth for him the coming season. Clarke's reputation as a hustler and his well known ability as a clever coach of promising young twirlers would seem to indicate that in the 1906 Toledo aggregation the American Association will have some interesting pace-making material.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox In Characteristic Verse Philosophizes In Diamond Strain.

strange dogs meet, they immediately look each other over to see if either has the missing tail of the other. Funny, isn't it? By George Ade. Roge tickled the home pan with the far end of his wallpaper. Plank was on the middle dot and began Then he let the spring uncoil and a turning alarm clock. dizzy shoot, with his back hair standing out straight, suddenly appeared inside the Bresnahan reserve. At first I thought it was going to sink a shaft in Roge's liver, but Roge pushed it out of harm's way, and as it made a parabolic curve athwart the scenery, and finally nestled in the lap of base hit luxury, Roge was holding forth converse with the keeper of third. It was one of those josh-coasters that caused the fans to strain their pipes until their mouths feel that they have swallowed a motorman's glove. To be plain and terse, it was a btd. By Charlie Barr. When Bresnahan hove to at his moorings, Plank bore down on him wing and wing and laid him alongside a single shot from his forward battery. But Bresnahan had his weather eye cocked to the high side and got under way handsomely. He didn't wait to eat his hook, but slipped his cable and, getting the weather gauge, had Plank's shot under his lee. Then, with the wind a point forward of abeam, and the sheets shivering with the strain, he kept her full and by for the first stake boat. He luffed around and turned her on her heel, with only seconds between full and full, and lifted sheets for the second mark. This was a reach, and he made it with the ball hull down away to leeward. He had to fetch up at the third turn

as the ball got a slant, and would have wined him on the run home. But his jockeying at the start showed he knew the feel of the spokes.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Hit and the world hits with you. Strike one and you go it alone. There's many a litter who doesn't hit And never gets away from home.

Too bad he doesn't, but that's the way— Even a player's life is a fate— He means all right, but it so may hap That he gets there just too late.

By Bernard Shaw. Though somewhat a mixed metaphor, it is nevertheless true that grasping the psychological moment releases endeavor. Bresnahan's success in hitting the ball at the proper time resulted in his obtaining what he sought—what is known as a base hit.

I believe the one effort in that direction bettered his original intention and his hope became a trinity. That is an addition of reward seldom vouchsafed, but frequently deserved. The admiration of the mass of Bresnahan's act showed the princely savage love for feats that employ physical strength. It is easier to admire a ball player than to understand him. I admit to a sort of sneaking admiration for him myself, although I would not care for him for a bedfellow. But differentiated natures, like Welsh rabbit and lemnage, do not readily mix.

By William Travers Jerome. Ziz-ziz-ziz, zloomp-zloomp-zloomp-zloomp. The saw was going through the plank hard. Then it struck a knot, but some one came in and put the clothespin back on his legal nose. Opinion on the great national game from the District Attorney must share the same silence as that on the great Insurance Bunk.